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ROLAND RECOGNISED BY HIS GRANDFATHER.

## ROLAND LEIGH; OR, THE STORY OF A CITY ARAB.

CHAPTER LII.—I SET OFF ON A JOURNEY.

I NEED not narrate the history of the next two or three years of my life. It is enough to remember,  
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with gratitude, that they were prosperous years with me. If my time was fully occupied, and my mind pretty generally kept on the stretch to meet the demands of my employer's business, I do not think I was any the worse for that; and if at

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times I breathed a half regretful sigh for some slight relaxation of the bonds which bound me so closely to the ordinary concerns of life, I reproved myself by recollecting what I once was, what I might have been, and what, in all probability, I should have been, if the fear of God—that “beginning of wisdom”—had not been impressed on my soul.

In the time which I thus hastily pass over, I heard no more of or from my unhappy father, and was even ignorant of his place of refuge. Gradually, his image faded from my mind; or rather, the memory of my sad and brief knowledge of him became like the painful remembrance of a troubled night dream.

Not so, however, was it with thoughts of my mother. These grew upon me in sorrowful distinctness. Yet, in thinking of her wrongs and griefs, I felt a hope that she had sought and found access to the Burden-bearer. Such comforting assurance mingled with my remembrances of the sad drama of her comparatively short life; and very often I gazed at that portrait of her which my father had so carelessly abandoned, till my eyes filled with tears.

During that time also I had not forgotten my old friend, poor Peggy Magrath. If I had been inclined to pass her by in my memory, the Jew landlord of Whiskers' Rents would have defeated my purpose; for with a keen desire to pocket the promised reward, the fellow was, as I had reason to know, unceasing in his researches and inquiries; and scarcely did any three months pass in which I did not receive from him a dirty, ill-spelled epistle to inform me of some fresh clue he had obtained to her retreat. But these all terminated in disappointment—disappointment to me, at least; not to him, perhaps; for every letter also contained a plea for “some trifling consideration for all the panes and aespensis, my dear.” At length I got tired of this perpetual feeling, and peremptorily refused to disburse another penny until poor Peggy were found. And then the correspondence began very sensibly to slacken.

Shall I add that in these two or three years I had taken two or three trips into Kent, and spent, each time, two or three days at Daffodil Farm? On the first occasion I had to condole with Fanny Grey on the death of her father. He had never regained strength; but after a lingering reprieve, he dwindled into helpless and hopeless imbecility both of body and mind; and then came the last scene of all. Poor Fanny! she was not to be comforted.

On the next occasion she had overcome her first grief, and we had two or three moonlight walks in the old garden. Somehow or other, Mrs. Blake forgot to be alarmed about Fanny's catching cold, and I heard nothing about Mrs. Suds and her early morning requirements.

On the third occasion, my friend Mr. Blake opened upon me a battery of good-humoured railery: “Well! if I didn't think 't 'ud be so, Roley. I said so to Jenny, but she said I was—but never mind. The best blessings on ye both! Fanny 'll make ye a good wife, she wool, Roley; and if I didn't know y'd make her a good husband, you shouldnt ha' her, you shouldnt. But you must wait a bit, Roley; we can't spare Fanny yet—we can't.”

This was the sum and substance of my good old friend's consent-giving, when I told him what I wanted. How my courtship sped with Fanny herself—I shall spare my readers that.

How I came to have time to give to such a purpose, I think I have already partly explained. My head-quarters, it is true, were in Yorkshire, at the factory; but my employer's concerns demanded a frequent agent in London and elsewhere, and he chose to entrust me with these travelling commissions. Thus I not only made periodical journeys southward, but, after a time, my business engagements took me often into Scotland, and occasionally into the sister country, Ireland, also. But of this hereafter.

Two or three years had passed away, then; and I was one day at my desk in the counting-house, when Mr. Simmonds entered with a newspaper in his hand.

“Here is something that concerns you, I fancy, Mr. Leigh,” said he; “you had better read it.”

I took the paper, and read as follows:—

“—SHIRE.—In the summer of 17— a woman, apparently an Irishwoman, accompanied by a boy, seven or eight years of age, called at a farm-house in the village of S—, on matters connected with private family affairs. If that woman and boy be still living, and will communicate with Messrs. Pricker and Pounce, Furnival's Inn, they may possibly hear of something to their advantage.”

The woman and boy! The boy was living, certainly, for there could be no doubt to whom the advertisement referred; but the woman—who could say that she yet lived?

“At all events, you had better see to it,” said my employer.

“But I shall not be in London for four months to come,” said I.

“You will be in London next week, if you take my advice,” said Mr. Simmonds. “It is true, nothing may come of it, and then there will be a journey lost; but it is worth risking, and you had better go.”

In a few days I was in London, and was knocking at the office-chambers of Messrs. Pricker and Pounce. The information I obtained from these gentlemen was sufficiently meagre. It amounted only to this—that Mr. M— (I shall not give my grandfather's full name) was seeking for an heir; but they knew no particulars, and I was referred to an attorney at Fairtown, in —shire, for whom they (Messrs. Pricker and Pounce) were London agents.

I took my place the next day on a coach to Fairtown, bearing with me my mother's portrait and the certificate of her marriage, but with no expectation that these accidental and questionable evidences of my relationship would establish any claim to my grandfather's wealth. Let me say, not boastingly, but truly, that though I was not altogether indifferent to money and its just possession, I would not have travelled even twenty miles on this doubtful errand, but for the hope that tardy justice might at length be done to my mother's memory; while, if my aged grandfather had been as poor as I supposed he might be rich, I would have taken a pilgrimage of twenty times twenty miles to hear him revoke the anger he had borne against his child, and whisper her forgiveness.

The road to Fairtown was the same road which I had travelled so many years before with poor Peggy, and every mile of it brought old remembrances of my faithful nurse to mind. Here was the grassy bank where we took our first meal, and the stream from which we slaked our thirst. There was the farm-house at which she begged "a drink of flit-milk, or butter-milk for the poor tendher orphin." Here, the town where our first night's lodging was obtained, and the very house in which we slept, with the very same board over the same old dirty window, announcing, in a jumble of small and capital letters, with various degrees of leaning from the perpendicular, that "Logins for Traversers" were to be found. And there, further on, was the long hill up which, when I was so tired that I could walk no farther, but sat down and cried, poor Mrs. Magrath carried me on her strong back. All these, and scores of memories besides, crowded into my mind with the freshness of but a yesterday's transaction.

The journey occupied more than three long days—a short time this, however, compared with our former wearisome travels on foot. At length I was put down at Fairtown late at night, and early on the following day I was in the presence of the attorney, to whom I delivered the credentials of Messrs. Pricker and Pounce, and told him who I was. But neither was this gentleman able to enlighten me on the purposes of my grandfather, by whose directions he had inserted the advertisement in the papers. He knew only that Mr. M—— was not only old, but in failing health; that having passed a miserable sort of existence in scraping together money, he was supposed to be rich, while those who might have been expected to inherit his wealth had passed out of the world before him.

"His unmarried daughter died five years ago," continued the attorney; "and a year after that, the married daughter died too, and left only one child, a young woman now, but a chit of a girl then, who has lived ever since with her grandfather. And a few months ago, the old farmer took a crotchet into his head."

"What crotchet?" I wished to know.

"You had better go and see him. You will hear it from his own lips if you prove your relationship to his satisfaction, and he should take a fancy to you."

"Both of which you think doubtful?" said I.

"Yes," he said. "That is to say," he added, "you have no legal proof of being the son of his youngest daughter; and whether or not he will take a fancy to you will depend pretty much on his mood at the time."

Not much more passed: the village in which my grandfather lived was about five miles from Fairtown, and, later in the day, I proceeded thither on foot.

#### CHAPTER LIII.

MY GRANDFATHER'S FARM, AND MY GRANDFATHER. I PASSED by the village ale-house in which I had been prepared for my first momentous interview with my grandfather, and the parish stocks in which poor Peggy had suffered the mortification of defeat, and endured the ignominy of public disgrace. A few minutes afterwards I was wading

through the straw yard, and stood before the door of my mother's early home. Here I paused and looked around.

The place had a depressingly neglected appearance. The farm-house itself seemed to be falling rapidly into decay for want of needful repairs. All traces of paint had departed from the woodwork of the building; and windows were dirty with long neglect, their broken panes stopped up with rags. A kitchen garden on one side of the house was overrun with weeds, and gaps in its rotten palings had admitted a large family of pigs, who were just then routing up the soil, and trampling down the little apology for cultivation which yet remained. At the same time, these signs of careless negligence probably did not arise from poverty; for casting my eyes over the homestead, I saw stacks of wheat which had evidently borne more than one winter's storms; and in a broad meadow, near at hand, more than a dozen cows were quietly grazing, or chewing the cud in the shade of a clump of venerable elms. In short, the farm, or what I could see of it, looked prosperous enough; while all around connected with the domestic economy of a household showed tokens of utter abandonment to ruin.

I had time to make these reflections, for I had made my approach unobserved; and even when I raised my hand and knocked at the door—which had neither bell nor knocker—the summons was unanswered.

Tired at length of making unprofitable observations, and benumbing my knuckles to no purpose, I moved my position, and taking a few steps towards the deserted and ill-used garden, I caught sight of a boy, crouched behind an overgrown, untrimmed gooseberry bush. His back was turned towards me; and he was so busily and felicitously engaged in picking and crunching the unripe fruit which scantily hung on its straggling branches, that he had been oblivious of my repeated knockings at the door.

I lifted up my voice to a loud "Hallo;" and in a moment the culprit, starting to his feet, turned his big crimsoned face towards the quarter whence the alarm had proceeded. For a moment he stood staring at me in mute astonishment, scratching his head with one hand, and wiping his overfull mouth with the other. Then he turned again, and would have fled if I had not again spoken.

"What are you doing there, my boy?"

"Who be you?" said he, when he had bolted, in one enormous gulp, the mouthful of green gooseberries, chewed and unchewed, and answering my question by a counter interrogatory, while he looked at me half defiantly, half fearfully.

"I am a stranger," I said, "come to see Mr. M——."

"You beant the doctor?" said he.

"No, I am not a doctor; but I want to see your master; and I have been knocking at the door, and cannot make anybody hear."

"Aw!" said he, with a grin, "you shouldn't 'a goed to that door; nawbody beed dare: you should 'a goed to back."

"Very well; but I don't see my way to the back: suppose you were to go and get somebody to open the door for me, and let me in."

"Naw, naw; front door be all locked up and bolted: you must go to back."

"You must show me the way, then," said I; "and I'll give you sixpence."

The promise of such a startling reward caused the boy to open his eyes wider than before, and quickened his steps. That is to say, Lubin advanced three paces from the gooseberry bush, and beckoned me, with a sly look of intelligence, to enter the garden.

"Where be the sixpence?" he said, holding out his hand, when I reached him.

"Here it is," giving it to him; "but now, before we go any farther, you must tell me a little about Mr. M——. I suppose he is your master?"

"Ees," said the boy.

"And does he pay you for getting into his garden and eating his gooseberries?" said I.

"I be minding the hogs," said he; "I come in to driv 'um out o' the gharn."

"But you didn't drive them out," said I. "See, they are routing up the potato rows."

"Zo they be," said Lubin, taking up a stick, and making a feeble pretence of driving them away; "they hool do't. If I driv 'um out 'o one gup, they come in at t'other."

"But your master would not be pleased to find you neglecting your work, and eating his gooseberries, I suppose."

"Aw, but," said the boy, "old M—— han't got no legs, he han't." And the boy grinned wider than before.

"No legs?"

"No use in 'um. He be laid up, and can't stir out of his chair—the old man he can't."

"Indeed! but then it is still worse in you to be neglecting your duty."

The boy grunted that he was minding the hogs; but it was no use to try to keep them out of the garden.

"Who keeps house for your master?" I wished to know.

"Polly Randell," he replied: "old master be Polly's grand'ther."

"Then it is Polly Randell I had better ask to see," I said: "and now show me the way into the house."

"Aw, but Polly Randell be at work out at plough," said he, moving on, and conducting me, by a circuitous route, through the neglected garden to the back part of the rambling old farmhouse. When there, I perceived that there was a shorter ent to the back door, from the straw yard, which I had not before observed.

"There's Polly," said my guide, pointing to a field at some distance, where, to my surprise, I saw a female figure holding the stils of a plough, and skilfully, as it seemed to my inexperienced judgment, turning up a deep straight furrow, while the horses were led by a boy.

Without waiting to give any further explanation, my guide pushed open the door, and admitted me into a large brick-floored wash-house. The first sight which presented itself there was the carcase of a large and recently killed hog, suspended, slaughter-house-wise, by its hind legs to a strong hook in the rafters overhead.

"Polly Randell stuck him," said the boy; "she sticks a hog regular prime, Polly does."

And she'll cut him up to-night, too," he added, admiringly.

"Oh, indeed!" said I, in some embarrassment, as I was thus made acquainted with the singular accomplishments of my unknown fair cousin. "But how am I to get to old Mr. M——? Is there no servant within call?"

The boy made me no answer, but, leading the way through the wash-house, he raised a whoop, which met with a response from a shrill voice from the upper regions.

"Come down, wool ye, Sal?" he rejoined; "here be a man in a tail cwoat wants to see master." And saying this, Lubin disappeared by the way he came, leaving me to wonder what scene would next open.

I had not long to wait. Perhaps the "tail-cwoat" had something to do with it; but, at all events, a minute did not elapse before a dirty, slatternly girl made her appearance, and, after honouring me with a broad, gaping stare, condescendingly expressed her willingness to introduce me to the old farmer. I followed her, therefore, through a long passage, and up a flight of stairs into a good-sized chamber, at one end of which was a bed, and at the other a small fireplace and a large easy chair. "That's the master," said my introducer, pointing to a living object in the chair, and vanishing as she spoke. That object was my grandfather.

Greatly altered since I saw him last, brandishing his heavy whip over the shoulders of poor Peggy Magrath! He had been stricken with paralysis: he was shrivelled, deaf, and toothless: baldheaded, too, I afterwards found; but this was now hidden from me by a red woollen nightcap.

With a weak and piping voice, he demanded who I was and what I wanted. I replied by placing before him the advertisement which had brought me to S——. He trembled violently—grasped me by the wrist, held me tight and drew me towards him, nearer and nearer. "It is Nelly's boy," he cried, with an exceeding bitter cry; and, releasing his hold upon me, he sank back in his chair.

## THE CITY OF CROCODILES.

### SECOND PAPER.

To return to the crocodile, which we mentioned as being flayed after its death. The flesh was very white, hard, and extremely tough, formed of parallel flakes, bound together like those of a salmon, but very much stronger. "The flakes of his flesh are joined together: they are firm in themselves; they cannot be moved." (Job xli. 23.) When his stomach was opened, there was found in it about half a tumblerful of pebbles and stones, some of them as large as a boy's marble, and amongst these we noticed a small bullet, evidently belonging to an Arab gun; but how it got into the crocodile's stomach of course cannot be known. "Sharp stones are under him: he spreadeth sharp-pointed things upon the mire." (verse 30.) Even when the animal had been disembowelled, and so long after death, and when his skin was stripped off down to the tail, the muscular contractions of the limbs were so powerful that we had to put a



little boy, called "Aeed," to sit upon the tail to keep it steady on the deck. No sooner, however, had he pressed upon it, than the tail whisked to one side, and actually threw the boy overboard into the water. The strength of the crocodile's tail is perhaps alluded to (although another beast is believed to be intended) in Job xl. 17, where we read that "he moveth his tail like a cedar."

The other animal mentioned in the 40th chapter of Job, under the name of "behemoth," probably means the hippopotamus. This huge creature is not now found in the Nile until you ascend a long way into Nubia; and its habits are so different from those of the crocodile, and so shy is it of the approach of man, that it is very difficult to catch one. "The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about; . . . his nose pierceth through snares." (Job xl. 22, 24.)

The first hippopotamus ever brought to this country is now in the Zoological Gardens at the Regent's Park, and we happened to see this animal before he was taken from Egypt. At that time he was about the size of a large pig; but his appetite, and especially his capacity for liquids, was enormous. In the steamer which brought this specimen home, his keepers gave him every day sixteen quarts of milk. How wonderfully exact, then, is the description of Job regarding this particular. "Behold," says the patriarch, "he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth," (verse 23.) We happened also to notice a rude picture of the hippopotamus in one of the tombs on the Nile, which is supposed to be the only one of the kind extant, probably because the animal inhabited only regions far up the river.

We have not much to say about the present site of Crocodilopolis; but there is a curious excavation near the ruins, and this cavern is found to have been used as a mausoleum for thousands of crocodiles, whose bodies, carefully preserved are there interred, and may be seen at this day. The soil around this crocodile pit is sandy, and all above it is now a bleak, fiery desert. Yet here there were thousands of our fellow-creatures, in days long gone by, who were busy from morning to night, as if nobody had lived before them, and nobody was to live after them. While the bodies of these men and women have all disappeared, and become mere piles of dust, it is wonderful to see how carefully preserved have been the mummied carcasses of the crocodiles worshipped by this ancient race.

It is no easy matter to get down to the cemetery of the crocodiles. Probably there are several entrances to the pit; but that which we chose to descend by was about two feet wide at the mouth, and opened to the surface without anything to mark it on the plain. The entrance was nearly choked up with sand, and looked like the hole a rabbit makes for its burrow. As we cleared out the rubbish with our hands, the black Nubians who had brought us to the place stood around, muttering and raising their hands in astonishment at the strange proceedings of the "Inglees," who could take such trouble to go underground. But when we asked one of them to accompany us as a guide, they all shook their heads and

laughed at the very idea. Perhaps there is a superstition among them; for the Egyptians of our own times still retain some of the feelings of their ancestors. They still carry their dead across the water to bury them, and look with awe upon the "timsah"—the monster worshipped here two thousand years ago.

Fastening a long rope about our waist, and well provided with wax-tapers and lucifer-matches, we slowly entered the hole, covering our face with a handkerchief, to keep out the dust, as we pushed in feet foremost, lying on our back. It was soon perfectly dark, and there was scarcely room for the body to pass, so narrow was the entrance. The dust was suffocating, and so was the heat; but we glided down the inclined passage until, at the bottom, our feet rested on a harder substance. This was the head of a crocodile, and, lighting a taper, which scarcely burned in the dank air, we discovered an extraordinary scene, which shall be briefly described.

The crocodile-pit is of an oblong shape, perhaps two hundred feet in length, and forty broad, and of a depth not known. The whole had been filled, from the bottom to the ceiling, with bodies of crocodiles, preserved by filling them with creosote and spices, and by wrapping large sheets of matting round each carcase separately. These monster mummies had been there piled, one over another, until their bodies reached the roof; and it is calculated that the pits contain more than thirty thousand carcasses thus entombed.

As the bodies dried, they shrunk a little, and thus a space was left between the top of the mass and the roof of the pit. It was into this space that we had come; but it was not high enough to allow us to walk, or even scarcely to creep. As we scrambled over the crocodiles, the whole contents of the pit shook and rose and fell with a springy motion. Often one of our feet, bursting through the covering of matting, went right into a body, which seemed to be full of black dust; and sometimes there were intervals between the carcasses so deep, that the light of our feeble taper could not show us the bottom. Many of the crocodiles were very small, being only a few feet long, while others were of enormous size, with their legs stretched out right and left, and their horny feet still as hard as if they had pressed the sand of the Nile only the day before.

Cats, dogs, cows, and birds innumerable, were buried in a similar manner by the ancient Egyptians, who worshipped all those animals and many more. Even a small beetle, called the "scarabæus," was divinely honoured by these poor pagans. This insect is still found in Egypt, and deposits its eggs in a little ball of earth, which the beetle then rolls backwards with its hind feet to its nest. The Egyptians seem to have made this action of the insect a symbol of a god rolling the world into being. Models of this beetle are frequently found round the necks of Egyptian mummies, and some large effigies of it may be seen in the British Museum, one of them being of stone and about four feet long.

It is believed by the best authorities that the Egyptians at first used animals only as symbols of the attributes of God, and that they did not mean to worship a plurality of deities, but to show

how many great qualities were in one. Thus, a hawk might indicate omniscience, a bull strength, an owl wisdom, and a tree seed denote fruitfulness, and so on; but the common people soon lapsed, and after them the priests even more so, into downright idolatry. It was merciful, then, for God to give so clearly the second commandment to guard mankind on this point. We must be careful *how* we worship, as well as *whom* we worship; and we see in all ages that if man tries to make the spiritual existence of God plain to our *natural sight*, the evil tendency of our hearts soon drags us into absurdity and error. The Mahomedans are strictly forbidden by their Koran to make any image of anything whatever, whether it is to be worshipped or not. Perhaps this direction was given by that clever man Mahomet, to prevent his followers from going aside to worship the thousand pictures and statues surrounding them in Egypt. Still this man, by rejecting the revelation of Christ, made his religion utterly hollow. He tried to worship God "in spirit," but he neglected to worship him "in truth;" and he put in place of the truth of God, an entangled mass of lies and fables, speaking no peace to the heart, and producing no cleansing of the thoughts or life. It is remarkable that a reverence for one of the ancient Egyptian gods, namely, the bull "Apis," seems to have been carried far to the East, and to have survived even to modern times; for it is related that when the English army occupied Egypt, a regiment of sepoy from India fell down on their faces before a sculptured figure of the sacred bull in an Egyptian temple. It is evident, therefore, that man is as idolatrous in his heart as he ever was. The human race has lived thousands of years, but *time* does not teach truth. Nations separate thousands of miles, but *distance* does not free them from error. The Romanists of our day adore images, for *civilization* does not purify worship. Nothing but God's Spirit can enable us to worship God as a spirit; and by his truth alone can we know how to worship him in truth.

#### JOHN BRITTON.

THE name at the head of this paper is one which many of our readers will recollect as having been connected with the literature of architecture, antiquities, and topography, during a long course of years. The descriptive catalogue of Britton's works is itself a tolerably thick volume; and though they are for the most part little known to the general reader, owing to their size and unavoidable expensiveness, they have yet served as a quarry for a host of popular writers and compilers, through whom their author has exercised his influence on three generations during his protracted life. The history of Britton's career is, in many respects, remarkable and instructive. A man without a spark of what is called genius—of no extraordinary talents or accomplishments of any kind—of a feeble constitution and diminutive frame—and utterly without patronage or favour, but such as he won by his own merits; he yet raised himself from a menial position to a respectable rank in society—gained a reputation equal to that of the first topographers of his day—did an

amount of work hardly to be paralleled by the labours of any other man—and was enabled to spend the evening of his days in the enjoyment, not only of competence and comfort, but of the friendship and intimacy of nearly the whole literary world. If we were asked what were the peculiar qualities that led to his success, we should be disposed to reply—perseverance, energy, and determination, united with enough of diffidence to insure a deliberate caution in their action; these qualities, so far as we can judge from a personal intimacy during the last few years, appear to have characterised the man through life.

We are not going here to detail the events of that life, which would occupy more space than would be allowed us, and might, as a whole, prove probably of small interest. What we propose is to record such details of the early trials and struggles which marked the commencement of his career as may be useful as well as interesting to others. Few conditions in life are less favourable than those in which John Britton found himself when cast on his own resources: how he surmounted the obstacles that beset his path, and made a way for himself to independence and an honourable fame—that is what we shall endeavour to point out.

John Britton was born in the village of Kingston, in Wiltshire, in the year 1771. His father was a baker, as well as a farmer in a small way—a man of a phlegmatic and saturnine disposition, which was not improved by the responsibilities of a family of ten children. His mother was an active, cheerful, affectionate, and self-sacrificing woman; but all her endeavours could not save the family from poverty. The ruin which involved the whole household broke her heart, and she died; the same blow bereft the father of his reason, and, as a matter of course, scattered the unfortunate family.

The village of Kingston presented few educational advantages; but of such as were available. John Britton had the use before poverty's evil day came upon the family. At a dame-school first, and subsequently under four masters, who "kept school," but had little to teach, and less skill in teaching, the boy learned to read and write, and acquired so much of arithmetic as is comprised in a knowledge of the Rule of Three. He might have learned more, but his studies were liable to be constantly alternated with the labours of bread-making and baking, the duties of the little farm, riding with his father to market, and seeing him safe home when helpless from intoxication—a vice to which, we regret to say, he was addicted.

When about twelve years old, John, being master of a shilling of his own, attended a sale by auction at the "Great House," where the effects of the Squire, who had ruined himself at a gaming-house in London, were being sold off. For his shilling, the boy bought nine books in a lot: among them were three of a readable kind, namely, the "Life of Peter the Great," the story of "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." These three John read again and again, with immense interest and delight, and never dreaming but that they were all equally authentic and literally true. Having never heard

of such things as fiction and allegory, the contents of the two last-named perplexed him not a little, while at the same time they surrounded him with a new world in which his imagination loved to wander.

At the age of sixteen, John Britton went to reside with an uncle at Weston Birt, in the capacity of a servant. With this relative he had to labour hard, and put up with violent treatment, arising from his hasty and intolerant temper. After three months' service at Weston, his uncle brought him to London, outside the fast coach of the day, which travelled five miles an hour. Arrived in London, the uncle relieved himself of all further concern about his nephew by apprenticing him at once to a tavern-keeper in Clerkenwell Green, without a thought of consulting the lad's inclination on the subject.

According to the terms of the indentures of apprenticeship, young Britton's master was bound to instruct him in the "whole art and mystery of a wine-merchant." But, in point of fact, the indentures, in his case, were a virtual sentence of imprisonment for six years in a wine-cellar, where he learned nothing of the business but the menial mechanical details of drawing off and bottling, corking and binning. His companions, when he had any, were the domestics in his master's kitchen, who were still more ignorant than himself, and not, as he was, thirsting for knowledge. The chief mitigations of his lot in the dreary cellar were the periodical visits of the exciseman, who came to gauge the casks and regulate the duty, and who, being a man of considerable intelligence, cast by his conversation a gleam of sunshine around the vinous prison. What books of any kind young Britton could beg, borrow, or buy, he perused in such intervals of leisure as he could make by extra assiduity in performing his daily task-work. He had inherited from his "mother's side" a hasty and passionate temper; but being given to judging and reviewing his own conduct, had perceived that whenever he gave way to it, he not only made himself ridiculous, but gave occasion to mental disquietude and painful remorse. Resolving to seek the cure of this vice in his nature, he procured Dr. Watts's "Improvement of the Mind," "An Essay on the Conduct of the Passions and Affections," and some other works of the same class, and by studying them seriously, and reflecting much in his solitude on the serious counsel these works contain, he was enabled to check, and partially to subdue, his constitutional tendency to passion.

The half-hours which he was enabled to devote to exercise were generally spent in a pilgrimage to one or two of the nearest book-stalls, and in the choice of such cheap volumes as his scanty funds enabled him to purchase. These he read with avidity, and thus obtained a comprehensive though but a rambling and superficial acquaintance with the literature of the age. The time employed in reading he snatched from the hours of sleep—often, during the long nights of winter reading by a single candle in his cellar, or beneath the bed-clothes for want of a fire. Towards the termination of his apprenticeship, during one of his early morning walks, he fell in with a man who earned a respectable livelihood by painting

the numerals on the dials of watches. This man, whose name was Essex, was a thoughtful and intelligent person, who read and reflected much, and was the owner of a considerable number of choice volumes. These he readily lent to Britton, and recommended others to his perusal, while he gave him much sound and judicious advice—advice which had all the more weight, inasmuch as the giver practised what he taught, and was in all respects an exemplary pattern to a large family, whom he reared and educated respectably.

The shop of this Mr. Essex, the dial-painter, seems to have been a sort of literary rendezvous, for there young Britton became acquainted with two gentlemen of considerable distinction in literature. One was the Rev. Dr. Trusler, the author of "The Habitable World Displayed," the fabricator of the artificial manuscript sermons which aroused the wrathful sarcasm of Cowper, and the compiler of no end of books besides; and the other was the Rev. Dr. Towers, also a voluminous writer on historical and political subjects. Britton felt himself a pigmy in the society of these great men, and was but too delighted with the honour of their acquaintance. It was here, also, that he formed a friendship with Mr. Brayley, who was afterwards his partner and fellow-labourer in many of his most important works.

When John Britton had spent nearly six weary years in his bottling cellar, his health gave way, and he made an appeal to his master for emancipation from the bondage of which he was the slave. His employer refused to listen to his complaint, and poor Britton fell into a low, desponding way, and a gloomy melancholy settled on his spirits. Becoming unable to work any longer, through weakness, he had recourse to the Dispensary in St. John's Square, where he was supplied gratuitously with pills and tonics for several months, but all without avail, and he continued to decline rapidly. His master, at length, seeing no prospect of his recovery, resigned his indentures, which had still six months to run, and giving him two guineas, instead of the twenty he would have been entitled to at the end of his term, sent him into the world to shift for himself.

No sooner was John Britton released from the atmosphere of the wine-cellar than he began to recover strength; and a journey which he afterwards took to Wiltshire, to visit his relations, in a great measure re-established his health. On returning to London he hired himself as clerk and cellarman to a widow in Smithfield, at forty pounds a year, lodging the while, at a charge of one shilling and sixpence a week, in Holborn Bars. This engagement lasted but three months, and was succeeded by one much more to the taste of the aspiring student, in a lawyer's office in Gray's Inn. Though his salary was but fifteen shillings a week, Britton now felt himself comfortable and happy. With no expensive habits, he could provide himself food and lodging and the luxury of books; and now, for the first time in his life since he knew their value, he had leisure to read them. In addition to the evenings, which were his own after six o' clock, he had two hours allowed for dinner, one of which he devoted daily to reading and the book-stalls. At that time there were few lectures accessible to young men, and no mechanics'



PORTRAIT OF JOHN BRITTON

institutions; but there were political clubs in abundance, and corresponding societies—for it was the time when the French revolution was raging, and the contamination of its influence had spread so widely. Britton (although the experiment was a dangerous one) frequented some of these clubs and societies, and got what he could from them in a general way, without committing himself to the violent political doctrines then current.

On the death of his employer, Mr. Simpson, which happened in 1798, John Britton had to seek a new engagement. This he found, after a period of some duration and much suspense, in the office of Messrs. Parker and Wix, Hatton Garden, at an increased salary of twenty shillings weekly. Here he became intimate with a law student, a gentlemanly and accomplished youth, to whose kindness he was indebted for further means of improvement. The two together joined a debating society, a means of improvement then much in vogue, and in which Britton continued to

delight for many years. It was doubtless the habit thus early cultivated which gave him that readiness and homely facility of utterance which characterised him in after life, and which rendered his unstudied lectures on those branches of science in which he excelled so popular and agreeable.

In the winter of 1799, Britton quitted the attorney's office, and engaged himself with a Mr. Chapman, at three guineas a week, to deliver a nightly monologue in illustration of a series of splendid paintings by Louthembourg, exhibited in the Haymarket. The exhibition was called the "Eidophusikon," and consisted of the representation, by painting and machinery combined, of the most beautiful and sublime effects in nature. We learn from Gainsborough's Memoirs, that that great painter was delighted with the spectacle, and spent night after night in the enjoyments it afforded him. Unfortunately, however, this lucrative engagement was but of short duration, for early in the following year the exhibition, with all



its ingenious and artistic contents, was utterly destroyed by fire.

At this period of his life, John Britton, like many other young men exposed to similar seductions, imbibed a profitless propensity for the stage, which appears to have haunted him for a considerable time; his better sense, and the habit of reflection to which he was accustomed, however, enabled him at length to shake off the inclination, and to address himself to the real work of life which lay before him. His great ambition had always been to fill a worthy place in the rank of literary men. He began modestly enough on the very lowest round of the ladder, by compiling small sheets and Christmas and twelfth-night cards, for a cheap publisher. The first of his performances that had any claim to the name of a book was "The Life and Adventures of Pizarro," of which a large edition was sold, and which, being compiled with some care, was mentioned to his credit.

But before publishing this trifle, Britton had been preparing himself for a more arduous and honourable task. His friend Mr. Wheble, a literary man, had resolved to bring out a work under the title of "The Beauties of Wiltshire," and had repeatedly urged Britton to undertake the authorship, which the latter, from a sense of incapacity, had as frequently declined. But yielding to his friend's entreaties, he consented to take a preparatory journey by way of testing and enhancing his qualifications for such a task. He accordingly started from London on a pedestrian surveying tour, making observations and taking notes as he went. He was absent three months and ten days, during which he visited Windsor, Oxford, Woodstock, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, Birmingham, Hagley, the Leasowes, Church Stretton, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Ludlow, Leominster, Hereford, Ross, the river Wye, Chepstow, Bristol and Bath, several parts of Wiltshire, and so back to London again. The expenses of this toilsome but to him delightful journey, extending over a hundred days, amounted to exactly eleven pounds sixteen shillings and ninepence—or less than half-a-crown a day! This journey furnished the traveller with experience of the utmost value to him in after life. In performing it, he visited the antiquities of the various districts, and all the public buildings and natural objects worthy of note, regarding them with an eye to future description and illustration.

But "The Beauties of Wiltshire" were destined to remain for a time in abeyance. In the spring of the year 1800, Mr. Britton and his friend Brayley had engaged with Vernon and Hood, publishers in the Poultry, to write a new topographical work, to be entitled, "The Beauties of England and Wales." This work was intended to fill six volumes; it ultimately extended to twenty-five, and, begun in 1800, occupied nearly seventeen years in its completion. The first journey taken by the co-operative authors extended over a distance of 1350 miles, which was all performed on foot during a period of a hundred and ten days in the summer months, and comprised a visit to the western counties and a considerable portion of North Wales.

We need not continue this biographical sketch, or follow the career of John Britton further. We

leave him fairly entered upon the laborious task which constituted the great work of his life, and which he was privileged to pursue with unwearied assiduity and enthusiasm during half a century of years. His career was rather useful than brilliant, but it was one honourable to himself and advantageous to society. His example is of value to all entering upon life, and especially to those sturdy workers to whom nothing is so acceptable as the prosperity which results, under the Divine blessing, from their own exertions.

John Britton died on the first day of January in the present year, at the advanced age of eighty-five.

## THE PHENOMENA OF CRIMINAL LIFE.

### FIRST PAPER.

THE mental and moral history of criminals is full of facts at once curious and interesting, whether viewed philosophically or merely as pictures of human life. The following is a collection of such facts, gathered chiefly within the walls of one of the great prisons of England, though occasionally in some others, to which the writer has had access.

There is necessarily much in criminal life that is plainly unfit for general perusal. Such objectionable matter, however, will not be allowed a place in the following sketches; nor, indeed, will anything be found here, from first to last, at all calculated to wound that delicacy of thought and feeling which characterises those who are virtuously brought up, and which in general distinguishes the well-bred classes from the gross and vulgar; for next to religion, this, perhaps, is the best safeguard of virtue, and is therefore not to be endangered for any consideration whatever. Happily, however, the subject does not require improper stimulants; for, after all, "facts are stranger than fiction," or, at least, they tell more powerfully on the heart; and the life of the felon and outcast class, in its ordinary phases, is sufficiently interesting for all whose taste and morals have not been vitiated by licentious reading. But however this may be, I and my readers, I fully expect, will go on pleasantly together in our researches, and be only sorry, I hope, when we come to part.

### PRISON CELLS AND THEIR INMATES.

Just as I put pen to paper, the inner gates of the prison are being thrown open, and the rattling noise of chains, trailing heavily along the corridor, strikes painfully upon the ear, strangely mingled with the voice of laughter from the guards, as they finish the duties of the day. The officers jest not, however, at the sorrows of the unfortunate: they are too manly and humane for that; they laugh at some passing occurrence, or some pleasant remark from a light-hearted comrade. It is well that they have such spirits, for theirs is a dreary work. For my own part, accustomed as I am to the sound of these chains, they still only suggest sad and melancholy thoughts. Yesterday they bound together in companies nearly one hundred men for removal, according to their sentences, to a government prison, and they are now brought back to perform the like office to-morrow for as many more. Thousands of wretched beings in this

way have already felt their cold pressure, and so will thousands more, notwithstanding all our aspirations, and all the efforts of the good. Ah! whose hands shall next be bound in these manacles? whose feet shall next be made fast in these fetters? Bound with these chains have been many who once had as fair a prospect of doing well, and sustained as fair a character too, as any reputable members of society; but, forsaking the paths of rectitude and virtue, little by little, they fell, and in their ruin brought lasting disgrace and an untold amount of misery upon persons the most innocent of crime, often upon the most deserving, in the various relations of life—brothers, sisters, wives, parents, and children.

Does the reader ask, What was the bearing of these criminals as they were being ignominiously chained and conducted by their keeper, in silent cavalcade, to the gloomy prison-van (that *hearse* for the living)? On the whole, it was not unbecoming their circumstances. Alas! most of them were inured to the indignity. To many the change brought promise of relief. It marked, at all events, a stage in the progress of time, and whatever does this, is cheering to a prisoner, who almost daily counts the years, the months, and the days he "has to serve." Some seemed hardened; and a practised eye could detect the rising laugh, the smile of recognition of old companions in villany, and the whispering of evil. But the cast of melancholy was upon most faces, and of degradation upon all. Happily, there were relieving features in the picture; a few in that company, beyond all question, like Manasseh, "among the thorns and bound in fetters of iron," had turned to the Lord, and found mercy and deliverance from the worse bonds of sin and Satan, through faith in the blessed Redeemer of mankind; and the great bulk were brought, to say the least, into a more civilized state under the benign influences of Christian teachings and exhortations, thus listened to, perhaps, for the first time, in the cells of a prison.

Let us now enter the cells which they have vacated; and, judging from the past, we shall doubtless discover something to bring their individual cases to memory.

Cells 1 to 15, inclusive, were tenanted by the ordinary description of prisoners, men who knew by experience the comfort to themselves of conforming to rules, and complying with the commands of their masters in all things. Some of these, however, were old hands, totally unreformed.

No. 16 was inhabited by a different sort of spirit, a man of ungovernable temper, which, instead of growing better under discipline, became decidedly worse. Not by far so great a criminal as most of his company, he leaves the prison with the very worst character, and they with the best. There was a mistake in the first handling of the man; the officer over his ward had an imperious temper of his own, took umbrage at some act of the prisoner, reported him, and had him punished. Bad feeling was thereby engendered, the officer became an object of aversion and settled hatred, and the prisoner would have done him harm if he could. Reformation was now out of the question. To prevent his doing mischief to some one was the chief study of his attendants, which cost as much

time and money as to watch the other fifteen. He has finished his career in this place by breaking to atoms every article in his cell capable of being demolished—table, stool, loom, etc., and torn his bedclothes to rags. Such was his last night's performance. In the morning he was reported quiet, and was removed with the rest.

Cells 17 to 20, inclusive, present no features of peculiar interest.

In No. 21 was located a man of no ordinary character. His antecedents were entirely unknown to us, beyond the mere records of his trial. His crime was that of "obtaining money under false pretences." His manners were those of a gentleman-born person, somewhat *frenchified* by sojourn on the Continent. He was able to converse in several languages fluently. He spoke freely on many subjects; but it was impossible to know the man, or penetrate the mystery of his previous life. He baffled every attempt. He talked of his liberation as a thing certain and soon to take place, from "the groundlessness of the charge against him," and the influence of friends in "high quarters." He spoke of his wife, if you inquired, as "her ladyship," and letters passed between "her ladyship" and himself of the most affectionate description. I believe they were both arrant impostors of the most refined school of villany.

In No. 25 was immured a prisoner of a very different type. His previous life in every stage was distinctly traced, and it was impossible to know the young man without feeling the deepest commiseration for him, and still more for his afflicted mother, who was the widow of an officer in the British army. Amiable and fond of society, with an agreeable person and cultivated taste, his company was too much courted, and he entered freely into the gaieties of life, exceeded his income (which was certainly not equal to the trust reposed in him, nor adequate for maintenance consistent with the position his employers assigned him), speculated, gambled, lost all, and in an evil hour embezzled money of his masters, in the usual vain hope that another cast of the dice, or turn of fortune, would set all right. Happily, his case excited attention elsewhere, and at the last hour, instead of going forth with chained felons, he left the gaol a free man by royal pardon, with his own fond mother, and one who loved him with a tender love, and clung to him in all his infamy with marvellous fidelity. That young man, I doubt not, was recovered from a state of infidelity, or atheistic indifference, by the grace of God, within the walls of his prison-house. May he for many years prove a comfort and joy to his mother, and the loving husband of that faithful one who gave up all for his sake!

In No. 30 was incarcerated the most clever thief, in his branch of pocket-picking, of all in yesterday's detachment. I am not without fear that he will take to criminal courses again, although he now professes the utmost abhorrence of his former life. At a glance you see the successful swell mob's-man—the quick eye, the agile limb, the clear head, and the ready address. His sphere of operations was in connection with the railways of England. He sometimes worked alone, but oftener in company with two others, on railway platforms and other crowded places of resort.

This class of thieves regularly read the "Times," to see "what's up" for them in and around the metropolis—concerts, balls, fairs, races, fêtes of all kinds, meetings, bazaars, and sermons by popular preachers; and they disperse accordingly. The party of thieves keep separate till a victim is marked, when, by preconcerted signal—a cough, the lifting up of the hat, or the like—all meet, to cover or to operate. If the "take" is good, they at once retire; if not, they venture another throw, when they are often caught. The offender in question was the chief of a gang, and was a very successful operator. Gliding along the platform, as if looking for a friend or for his luggage, he contrived to feel or to guess where the purse was deposited, and to observe those who were persons of substance and who were not. None are better able than men of this class to distinguish the gent from the gentleman; the man of straw from the man of wealth; the stipendiary curate from the rich pluralist; the real lady from the counterfeit. The highly-dressed young man, with his semi-gold appendages, and the tinselled lady, are no game for men of this sort. They are perfectly safe in the sight of these robbers, and may enjoy their immunity from harm, if their vanity will allow them. *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator.* A dirty-looking grazer, or a greasy butcher, will be preferred by a great deal to the post of honour and danger. No class, however, said this successful freebooter, paid better than "fussy" travellers, men and women, who from natural timidity or inexperience in travelling, are always "in a flurry" about their luggage, or their children, or both, and often become quite bewildered with the tumult around them. The bad arrangements of the companies, the exhausted state and the paucity of railway-porters and police (on excursion or pleasure occasions especially), and the dishonesty of some officials, as he alleges, are helps to these men, to be reckoned on in the pursuit of their nefarious trade.

The utter heartlessness of professional thieves constantly and painfully strikes one. This man is an instance. He has stolen the most precious keepsakes, and in a rage destroyed them, to avoid detection, because they were not saleable. He has robbed the widow of her all, and has heard her in anguish describing her loss, without compunction or concern. A vigilant and trustworthy police (which he admits the force as a body to be) secures the public, he says, pretty well; but thieves of his class can afford to change costume so often, and to remove their basis of operations so far, that they can baffle even the detectives. Next to the vigilance of the police, the electric telegraph terrifies most this class of thieves. The detective notices a thief in the train, and the telegraph announces the fact and the number of the carriage to the next station-master. A policeman, on arrival, calls him out by his flash name, and tells his fellow-travellers to examine their pockets, and "he is done for." Hence it is safer for them, they find, to go by the high road to Ascot or Epsom, and such places. The offender under consideration has been seven times convicted, besides being in prison three times more, awaiting trial, when he was acquitted. He admits that he was guilty on two of these occasions, and had he been known

he could not have escaped. Three times he avers he was convicted wrongfully, though he had committed theft at or near the place on each occasion. He lived, like the rest of his class, most dissolutely, with the vilest companions, male and female, and was often reduced to the lowest depths of want and misery.

The next ten cells present nothing worthy of remark, except that in one may be noticed the last freak of a prisoner, of whom one might have expected better things. See! he has written on his slate, which hangs against the wall,

"This apartment  
to be let,  
furnished,  
with a sitting in the adjoining Chapel."

In 41 may be observed a heap of memoranda, left for the chaplain, with an earnest request that his wife may be allowed to have them. They relate to his case and his sufferings, and tell a terrible tale, quite unfit for recital in these pages.

In No. 43 was located, for a long term of sentence, a genius of no ordinary stamp, whether out of his mind or not, I cannot say. Oddly enough, he says of himself that he is mad, which rather looks as if he were not. His weak point is the stage, upon which, he alleges, he often performed, which must be understood of the lowest school of theatricals; for he is an uneducated man. The first time of making this strange man's acquaintance I was going my rounds, late one evening, when I heard, as I thought, several voices in one of the "separate" cells, engaged in very animated conversation. I stopped at the door to listen, and found that it was the solitary prisoner performing an improvised play of his own, and personating the different characters with great distinctness. The first scene was evidently the gaol-yard, and the *dramatis persone* were the night-watchman and two turnkeys—the subject being that of a prisoner's escape. The second scene represented the governor's house, and the alarm given—that important official appearing at the window and inquiring into the cause of the disturbance, and, when he had learned it, giving orders for the search. The last scene introduced the police; all the officers were paraded, and the governor was represented as collecting the particulars of the escape, and preparing his report to the visiting justices. The performance abounded in sallies of humour, and points of clever, good-natured satire against his superiors. My inferior dramatic power cannot do justice to the performance itself, or I might give it in detail. At the close, when it was clear that the prisoner was clean off, and the police were despatched to track him outside the walls, if possible, he sang a song, descriptive of the flight, of his own composing, not certainly in strictest metre, but intensely humorous, to the tune of "Over the hills and far away;" after which might be heard, in as many voices, the exclamations, "Bravo! capital! well done, Jack!" and roars of laughter.

At this juncture I opened the door, and accosted him: "It's well, my friend, that it was not the governor that heard your performance."

"Not at all, sir," he replied; "they know there's no use in punishing me. They think I'm half

mad, and I think so myself sometimes. If they keep me here much longer, there will be no mistake about it."

The stage was certainly the ruin of this man's circumstances, if not of his reason. Let those who are tempted to yield to similar temptations, take warning by his sad example.

#### A SEA MONSTER.

It is related of some savages, in the fifteenth century, that when they for the first time beheld a ship approaching their shores, they imagined it to be an immense animal skimming the surface of the waters, whose wings were represented by its sails, and whose boats they regarded for a time as its offspring. Similar misconceptions have occurred in more recent times. About thirty years ago, for example, the crew of a British ship that had been some years in the South Seas, and was homeward bound within a week's sail of England, witnessed, a phenomenon not less astonishing to their apprehension than a ship had proved to that of the simple natives of a remote region. The sensation it excited is not to be easily conceived; but the notice of the occurrence, as recorded in the phraseology of the ship's logbook, may possibly assist the conception. The following is the entry:—"At sunset, dead calm; cloudy and hazy; no sail in sight. At 6.30, saw a black spot on the horizon, bearing w.s.w., which we at first supposed to be a vessel more fortunate than ourselves with a breeze; and this seemed the more probable, from its enlarging in bulk as if advancing towards us. At seven o'clock it had increased considerably, but was wholly unlike a vessel in its form, although a good height above the surface of the waters, and we could perceive that its form altered repeatedly. By several of the crew it was thought to be a very large whale, and that the variation in its aspect arose from its spouting up water and its gambols upon the surface. Got a gun ready to fire at it, if it should come within range; but we soon found that it was taking an oblique direction across our stern. We could now, with the telescope, distinctly perceive the waters breaking and foaming about it from the impetuous action of its unwieldy body. The whole crew had become greatly excited, from an apprehension that it might turn upon us. Kept the gun pointed at it, ready to fire, and got another gun loaded. At 7.15 it was broad on our larboard quarter, bearing n.w. by w. It now loomed still larger through the haze of evening, but with as little resemblance to a whale as to a ship; and from the rapidity and peculiarity of its motions, it seemed to partake more of the feathered than of the finny tribe, unable, perhaps, from some cause or other, to sustain a higher flight, whilst the violent action of its wings and feet must have occasioned those frequent bodies of water it cast upwards, and which left behind it long streams of spray. Unfortunately, the obscurity of evening deprived us of a distinct view of its general form, but its colour appeared to be of an uniform black. At 7.30 it was three points before our larboard beam, pursuing the same direction; and at 7.45 it was wholly obscured from our sight. All hands on board witnessed this

extraordinary creature, and were greatly alarmed at its extraordinary bulk and action, its furious velocity, and its frightful aspect during its transit across the calm waters of the Atlantic. Two or three of the men on board were so affected that they went to prayers, fervently testifying their conviction, by repeated asseverations, that the mysterious object could be nothing but some supernatural appearance. Calm all night, keeping a good look-out, but no further appearance of the stranger." To this entry succeed the names of the master and crew.

By the time the ship arrived in England, the imagination of all on board, growing by what it fed upon, had so worked on their credulity, that even the captain, endowed probably with a larger share of intelligence and experience than his companions, having never before seen, read, or heard of so prodigious a mass of vitality, had persuaded himself that his name, with the names of his crew, and that of his ship, had established a famous notoriety, which could not fail to be thenceforth associated with a recorded marvel. An elucidation, however, as surprising as it was unexpected, awaited them on their arrival. The monster had actually been brought into the port of Liverpool, where it was being exhibited. Thousands of persons, men, women, and children, had heard of it, seen it, and become familiar with it, and the inhabitants generally had ceased to regard it with astonishment or special interest; for while the skipper and his crew had been catching whales in the South Seas, its species, its habits, and even its organization, had been duly investigated and popularised; and in the meantime, vulgar phraseology, for want of a better term, had named it a *steam-ship*.\*

A few years elapsed. A privateer lay becalmed off the shores of the island of Trinidad. Her sails, drooping from the yards and cringles that sustained them, seemed languishing for a breeze to neutralize the intensity of the glowing heat to which they were exposed. The steersman's vocation was suspended, and the helm left to itself. Some spare sails were extended above the deck, to serve as a temporary awning over the heads of the hybrid crew of half-caste desperadoes, who cared little for sun, moon, or stars, for the welkin above or the depths beneath, and as little for danger in any form, till a breeze should bring it or enable them to seek it. They were promiscuously disposed in listless inaction about the deck, after partaking of a repast, which had imposed upon the cook the most arduous duties, and had also stimulated their own bibulous propensities. Some were smoking their cigars, but most of them were dozing away their time. It was a season of general repose. That beautiful island and the opposite shores of the continent were slumbering beneath the pink gauze of an ardent atmosphere, and not a cloud was to be seen in the clear azure above, to cast a shadow upon the bright smooth waters. While Nature was thus resting, why should not *they* also have a nap? And so they smoked and napped, until at length they were startled to their feet by a sudden exclamation of one of their num-

\* This was, we believe, the first steam-ship that crossed the Atlantic, and was named the "Fulton," belonging to New York.



ber, who had been sleepily looking out upon the glassy face of the deep. As their attention was roused and their gaze directed seawards, their eyeballs seemed ready to start from their sockets, while they looked affrightedly upon the swift approach of some incomprehensible monster, which had been stealthily advancing upon them unperceived. All now was confusion: invocations, vociferations, and even imprecations mingled in a general and indescribable hubbub, while all hands were summoned to get one boat over the side, and to drag up another that had been towing astern. Hasty glances only could be given at the demon advancing with such appalling strides—rather, however, to measure its distance than to examine its features. The boats were not sufficient for the whole crew, who were soon rushing headlong over the vessel's side to gain them. A brief conflict ensued among the competitors, the strong against the weak, till both boats hurriedly shoved off, leaving those who were abandoned to seek safety by plunging into the sea, to follow by swimming, or to sink from exhaustion and fright. Every nerve was strained by the rowers in the boats, and every kind of utterance was employed to stimulate them in their purpose. As the distance was short, they soon reached the shore, and with one bound the whole of the living freight reached the strand, and scampered as fast as legs could carry them into the adjacent forest. With the swimmers, hope was now yielding to despair; their ears had caught the fearful sounds emitted by the belching monster, which seemed to convey a fearful presage of their fate, and paralyzed their energies. Still, however, they continued to strike out, as the hissing, whizzing, gurgling, tremulous noise increased. Their nearer approach to the beach encouraged them, and they strove also to animate one another, but all in vain; it was too late; their spirits gave way within them; the wild, confused sounds came louder upon their ears, and they felt that they were already within the monster's grasp, as the first long swell of the agitated waters overtook them, and carried them half senseless upon the sands. The unknown and dreaded object—a steamer—had meanwhile whisked past them, and round the bend of the coast, heedless of the abandoned vessel and of the ignorant terrors which its first appearance in these waters had produced.

Years rolled on, and steam was astonishing the natives of other regions, till one day it penetrated the West African mist on a visit to Sierra Leone. Neither its name nor its distinguished rank appeared as yet in the category of expected or casual arrivals, at a station on that coast, near which the writer then resided. "Ships," "brigs," and "schooners," were alone on the visiting list, as worthy of the honour of a signal from the functionary whose office it was, as they came in sight, to announce them from his bureau, on the top of a hill about two miles from the town and harbour; whilst the prominence of the spot itself, with the whitewashed lighthouse beneath it, was as significant as a street-door into an entrance-hall, for the guidance of such vessels in a safe approach towards the anchorage. Still, as they necessarily came end foremost to this particular point of the coast, their precise denomination was not always to be readily distinguished; but as a mast, like a tooth, is more

easily taken out than put in, the signal-man made it a rule to announce a ship first, and then, if necessary, make her into a brig.

This notable was an eccentric character; he was a strict disciplinarian, had served in the Ashantee war as a private in the African corps, had graduated in West-India regiments till he acquired the dignity of a sergeant, and eventually became entitled to a "good-service pension" of sixpence a day, with the honour of still serving the British crown as "captain-general and commander-in-chief" of a signal-post and its et ceteras. He was, nevertheless, strictly speaking, a "retired officer." His location made him so. Here, upon the rugged rocky platform of his domicile, hemmed in by high coarse grass, intermixed with the prickly cactus and a variety of wild shrubs, Phœbe his wife, a few fowls and his telescope, one signal gun and a flagstaff, were the sole ministers to his social enjoyments. Now and then, it is true, a chance visitor came to the spot, for the sake of an airing or the beauty of the view, to whom he would show his certificates of service, advert to the origin of the distinction he bore in the army under the soubriquet of "Trump," or particularize the several occasions, during the reign of George III, on which he had shared in the honour of firing a "furious-joy" on his majesty's birthday.

No wonder that, with the wide ocean as the prescribed sphere of his daily contemplations, his philosophy should have inclined a little to the speculative, or that, while scanning the hazy horizon with his glass, or in occasional fits of abstraction, his mind hovered over the small "farms" around the base of the hill, with their yams, and cassada, and corn, and his "broder Africans" at their desultory labour, he should have indulged a good deal in monologue. Hence we can picture him, on the day in question, soliloquizing somewhat in the following fashion:—

"No wind, no wind, to-day—him go dead, quite dead; no ship, no brig, no schooner; dat sea him sleep. Berry well. Whew, him warm! Dem fowls, 'em sleep too; eberyting sleep. I tink I go sleep lilly while. Phœbe!"

Phœbe was engaged in the cooler recesses of the kitchen, but she answered to her name, and subjoined the natural interrogatory—

"Wha' you want?"

"Him no warm to-day?" he continued. There was no difficulty in satisfying such a want.

"I tink so," she replied.

"Dere no wind; I no see noting; eberyting sleep; I go sleep too. 'Spouse you eye catch any one come, call me; hearey?"

"Berry well," responded Phœbe.

Still he had been on "guard" so often in his life, that it had become a habit; and that the wind even might not catch him napping, he instinctively took another glance at the horizon—now to behold something!

"Berry odd," he exclaimed, "no see dat bifore!" But he had seen that singular phenomenon in the sky which is called the "bull's-eye cloud," and known to presage a tornado, and it seemed that here it was fallen into the sea in the middle of the dry season. His glass had never materially deceived him, but his suspicion now fell upon it; his hand, too, was not so steady as usual,

and he experienced a strange pricking sensation about his cranium as he gazed stedfastly through the tube. It certainly *was* warm and *misty*!

"Berry odd," he repeated; "him move, him move—come dis way, too, I *tink*; no wind dere—sea smoothe—no hab sail—no hab mast; dat no ship, no briik, no schooner; berry odd. Phæbe, come here!" And Phæbe came.

"Phæbe," he continued, "you no hearey ob dat island long way up da Mellicourie riber, dat come down one time, go away into da sea, and den go back again up da riber to da same place?"

We have said that he was very speculative, like most African negroes; and here *might* be such an island taking a trip, with a small community upon it, all smoking their pipes. Phæbe generally affirmed her husband's notions.

"Dis wicked world, Phæbe," Phæbe felt uncomfortable, and a little puzzled: so did he.

The object was now more palpable, but he alone had, as yet, regarded it. Phæbe was regarding her husband. "He *must* hab *feber*," she thought, which answers for most complaints in an African's apprehension.

"Phæbe," he repeated, as he withdrew his eye again from the glass, and with a prodigious expansion of the chest to effect the power of utterance—"Phæbe, you eber see da ebil spirit?"

Phæbe thought she had seen him *once*, but she "no see him *good*!"

"Look *dere*!" exclaimed Trump, pointing with his glass to the approaching object.

"Yih, yih, yih, yih, oh me!" ejaculated Phæbe; "wha' for you no mek signal—fire gun?"

"Wha' for mek signal? him no ship! Wha' for fire gun? You tink I fool, mek noise—eh?" responded Trump; and the glass went again to his eye, while poor Phæbe *yih-yihed* with tremulous emotion, as she gazed alternately at the awful-looking nondescript and upon the workings of her husband's countenance. His mouth became the most significant index of intense apprehension, remaining too wide open to respond to Phæbe's repeated questions, till it at length relaxed, first in letting out a groan, and then vociferated, "I see 'em, I see 'em foot—see 'em good; him tear up da water; him mash 'em, mash 'em, mash 'em all round! See, him come fast; run, Phæbe, run; I neber leabe my post—neber!"

Phæbe would have remonstrated, but she *yih-yihed* instead most lustily, on beholding at the same moment the people on the little farms beneath, throwing away their hoes, and scampering away up the country. Trump saw them too, and involuntarily dropped his glass; but he still faced the enemy, although under the effects of a revulsion within him, which seemed to paralyze him. All his martial exploits crowded in upon his mind, and with them the glory of a soldier's death. "Run, Phæbe, run," he still muttered, as he stood transfixed, confronting the perturbed unwieldy spirit of the waters; but Phæbe was already running, at the imminent risk of her neck, down the declivity. "I *neber* leabe my post," he repeated; and now, indeed, there seemed less need for it; for as his terrors increased, the cause of them became less distinct; his eyes had dilated into a goggle; his mouth had expanded to a prodigious stretch; respiration seemed to have almost

ceased; his knees, from the weight of their responsibility, took to working zigzags; and in evidence that the whole of his understanding had settled downwards, his feet at last, with a spring to adjust their load, started off with his body down the rugged and precipitous incline, with such celerity that the achievement continued for some years as a popular condiment with "*Palaver sauce*." Tradition, too, has it, that the fowls were conscious of being left in command of the signal-post; that the cock reared his crest and gave a crow on the occasion, so like the crow of an English cockerel, that it has never been determined, and probably never will, whether it was in compliment to the passing steamer—for such was the monster—or the triumphant retreat of Sergeant Trump.

The substantial accuracy of the foregoing incidents may be relied on, they having come beneath the cognizance of the writer.

#### WITHIN THE MEANS.

As thou lov'st freedom, and preferrest peace,  
And ratest independence above price,  
As thou dost value an unsold name,  
And aim'st at true respectability,  
Give not desire the rein, nor run the race  
With every ostentatious challenger.

Reckon thine income, keep expense within,  
And be not anxious for appearances;  
Content though thou be last in fashion's race.  
The praise or blame of fools is little worth,  
And if thou'rt poor 'tis better far to live  
Courageously, as honest poor man should,  
Than sneak unbidden in at rich men's doors,  
As wealthier than thou art. 'Tis better shine  
Feebly, a dim and all-unnoticed star,  
Than, rocket-like, go blazing up the sky,  
And rush to ruin.

Oh, beware of debt:

It crushes out the manhood of a man,  
Robs his bright eye of boldness, cheats his limbs  
Of elasticity, unnerves his hand,  
Beclouds his judgment, dulls his intellect,  
Perils his uprightness, and stains his name,  
And minifies him to his fellow men,  
Yea, far worse degradation, to himself.

Who hath the hurried step, the anxious eye;  
Avoids the public haunt and open street;  
And anxious waits for evening? Restlessly  
Tosses upon his bed, and dreads th' approach  
O' th' tell-tale morning sunlight? Who, unmanned,  
Starts at the sudden knock, and shrinks with dread  
E'en at his own shadow; shuns with care  
The stranger's look, skulks from his fellow's glance,  
And sees in every man a creditor?

The debtor—he is only half a man,  
He saddens and estranges his chief friends,  
Burdens his dearest relatives: he hears  
In vain the stranger's tale, the widow's prayer,  
And sends away the orphan all unalmsed.  
None dares to place him in a post of trust,  
And business men regard him with a shrug.

If thou art wooing, friend, beware, beware,  
Lest thou be linked to a spendthrift wife.  
Not all the husband's effort, care, and thrift  
Can countervail a wife's extravagance.

"Owe no man ought." Stand in the world erect,  
And lean alone upon thyself and God.  
Th' habitual borrower will be ever found  
Wicked, or weak, or both. Sweat, study, stint,  
Yea, rather anything than meanly owe.  
Let thine own honest hands feed thee and thine,  
And if not thy friend's purse, at least respect  
Thine own sweet independence.

## A good house

Is no uncovertable thing : large rooms,  
 Servants, gay drapery, new furniture,  
 Nor undesired, nor undesirable.  
 But first take counsel of thy income ; wait  
 Till prudence speak in the affirmative.  
 Too dear thou purchasest these luxuries  
 If peace and independence be their price.  
 Such things to other men perchance may be  
 A credit, a necessity ; to thee,  
 If thou canst not afford them, but a shame.

Have fewest wants : the book, however good,  
 Thou shouldst not purchase, let it go unbought ;  
 And fashion's vests by thee be all unworn.  
 Soon luxuries become necessities,  
 But self-denying thrift more joy affords  
 Than all the pleasures of extravagance.  
 A cottage, free from clamorous creditors,  
 Is better than a mansion dunned ; a coat,  
 However darned, if paid for, hath an ease—  
 And a respectability beside—  
 Gay, ill-afforded vests can never boast.

Oh 'tis a mean and an unmanly thing  
 To be the slave of fashion. Still to spend,  
 To plan, arrange, increase, and beautify,  
 Forego one's income, hamper one's estate,  
 Peril one's honour, pauperise one's heirs,  
 All that, forsooth, one's neighbours round may cry,  
 "How beautiful, how grand !"

## However cheap,

Whate'er thou want'st not, buy not. That is dear,  
 A mere extravagant impertinence,  
 For which thou hast no need. Feel first the want  
 Ere it be satisfied : bargains full oft  
 Are money-wasting things, that prudent men  
 Will keep afar from with suspicious eye ;  
 Perchance to any but of little use,  
 And to themselves, most likely none at all.

The habit of economy once formed,  
 'Tis easy to attain to prosperous things.  
 Thou then shalt lend, not borrow ; shalt not want  
 A helping trifle when thy friend hath need,  
 Or means to seize an opportunity,  
 Seed-coin, to ensure a harvest. Thou shalt then  
 Want not an alms for pinching poverty ;  
 And though a sudden sickness dam the stream,  
 And cut off thy supplies, thou shalt lie down  
 And view thy morrows with a tranquil eye ;  
 Even benumbing age shall scare thee not,  
 But find thee unindebted, and secure  
 From all the penury and wretchedness  
 That dog the footsteps of improvidence.\*

## PRESSING TOWARD THE MARK.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling  
 of God in Christ Jesus."—*Philippians* iii. 14.

The most remarkable parts of the stadium were its  
 entrance, middle, and extremity. The entrance was  
 marked at first only by a line drawn on the sand, from  
 side to side of the stadium. To prevent any unfair  
 advantage being taken by the more vigilant or alert  
 candidates, a cord was at length stretched in front of  
 the horses or men that were to run ; and sometimes  
 the space was railed in with wood. The opening of  
 this barrier was the signal for the racers to start. The  
 middle of the stadium was remarkable only by the  
 circumstance of having the prizes allotted to the victors  
 set up there. From this custom Chrysostom draws a  
 fine comparison : "As the judges, in the races and  
 other games, expose in the midst of the stadium, to the

view of the champions, the crowns which they were to  
 receive ; in like manner the Lord, by the mouth of his  
 prophets, has placed the prizes in the midst of the  
 course, which he designs for those who have the courage  
 to contend for them."

At the extremity of the stadium was a goal, where  
 the foot-races ended ; but in those of chariots and  
 horses, they were to run several times round it with-  
 out stopping, and afterward conclude the race, by re-  
 gaining the other extremity of the lists from whence  
 they started. It is, therefore, to the foot-race the  
 apostle alludes, when he speaks of the race set before  
 the Christian, which was a straight course, to be run  
 only once, and not, as in the other, several times with-  
 out stopping.

According to some writers, it was at the goal, and  
 not in the middle of the course, that the prizes were  
 exhibited ; and they were placed in a very conspicuous  
 situation, that the competitors might be animated by  
 having them always in their sight. This accords  
 with the view which the apostle gives of the Christian  
 life : "Brethren, I count not myself to have appre-  
 hended ; but this one thing I do, forgetting those  
 things which are behind, and reaching forth unto  
 those things which are before, I press toward the  
 mark for the prize of the high calling of God in  
 Christ Jesus." L'Enfant thinks the apostle here  
 compares our Lord to those who stood at the elevated  
 place at the end of the course, calling the racers by  
 their names, and encouraging them by holding out the  
 crown, to exert themselves with vigour. Reader, have  
 you begun to run this race ?

## GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

## NO. XXI.

A FLOURISHING town in North America ; the birthplace  
 of an eminent philosopher, who, in the year 1706, ex-  
 plained the theory of lightning.

(The initials of the subjoined give the name).

1. A small creek memorable for being the landing-place  
 of the English, when they invaded Ireland in 1170.
2. A tower of Germany, celebrated for its salt-works.
3. The town where the Duke of Wellington gained a  
 complete victory over the French in 1812.
4. A borough in Somersetshire, where the first woollen  
 manufactory was established.
5. A village in Staffordshire noted for its rich copper  
 mines.
6. A town famous for the first battle fought between  
 the Turks and Christians.

## HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

## NO. XXII.

A CELEBRATED naval commander, who, being a stranger  
 to the arts of flattery and submission necessary to a cour-  
 tier, was slighted by the king under whom he served. He  
 deserted his first cause, but only that he might advocate  
 the interests of his native country, and with a magnanimity  
 of which there are few examples, he sacrificed all thoughts  
 of aggrandizing himself to the virtuous satisfaction of  
 establishing its liberty—an object which he eventually  
 gained. His generous conduct caused him to be revered  
 by his countrymen, and to be honoured with the appella-  
 tions of the father of his country and the restorer of its  
 liberty.

(The initials of the subjoined give the name).

- \* 1. An Italian painter of some celebrity.
2. A writer against the errors of the Church of Rome,  
 generally called the "Invincible Doctor."
3. The assassinator of one of France's greatest kings.
4. An illustrious European Queen of the 16th century.
5. A treacherous Asiatic prince, who caused the death  
 of 13,000 British troops.

\* From a useful volume of poems, of a practical tendency,  
 entitled, "Upward and Onward : a Thought Book for the  
 Threshold of Active Life. By S. W. Partridge." London :  
 Partridge & Co.

## Varieties.

**NEW EXAMPLES OF SAGACITY IN BRUTES.**—When in Ceylon many years ago, a friend of mine who was deputy-quartermaster-general consulted me about an elephant belonging to his department, one that had a deep burrowing sore on his back, just over the back-bone, which had long resisted the ordinary mode of treatment employed. After due examination, I recommended as necessary the free use of the knife, that issue might be given to the accumulated matter; but no one of the ordinary attendants would undertake the operation. Being assured by my friend that the brute would behave well under it, I undertook it. The elephant was not bound; he was made to kneel down, his keeper at his head; with an amputating knife, using all my force, I made the incision requisite through his tough integuments; he did not flinch, but rather inclined towards me when using the knife, and uttered merely a low and suppressed groan; in short, he behaved very much like a human being, as if conscious, as I believe he was, that the pain inflicted was unavoidable, and that the operation, as I am happy to say it proved, was for his benefit. From the elephant I will pass to the dog. The then Governor of Ceylon, the late Sir Robert Brownrigg, had one of more than ordinary sagacity; he always accompanied his master, being allowed so to do, except on particular occasions, as on going to church, or council, or to inspect the troops, when the general always wore his sword. Now, when he saw the sword girded on, he would give his attendance no further than the outer door; without a word being said, he would return and wait the coming back of his master, patiently waiting upstairs at the door of his private apartment. Here is another instance. Once, when fishing in the Highlands, I saw a party of sportsmen with their dogs cross the stream, the men wading, the dogs swimming, with the exception of one who stopped on the bank piteously howling; after a few minutes, he suddenly ceased, and started off full speed for a higher part of the stream. I was able to keep him in view, and he did not stop till he reached a spot where a plank connected the banks, on which he crossed dry-footed, and soon joined his companions.—*Dr. Davy's "Angler in the Lake District."*

**MEAT FOR THE FIRST TIME.**—We were sitting under the walls of Phyle. We had trodden that rugged pass under a hot sun, and were resting under the shade of an oak. We had eaten and drunken, and were luxuriously watching the smoke of our cigar as it curled amid the leaves, and the lizards as they crept and glided amid the huge old stones; when suddenly there stood before us a young Greek, perfect in form and feature as an Antinous, wild and savage as a colt of the Ukraine. Curiously he eyed us and our costume; more curiously still his eye fell on the fragments which lay beside our wallet. With the benevolence of a full-fed man, we threw him a bone of lamb. He clutched it eagerly, eyed it suspiciously, smelt it as monkeys do when in doubt, bit at it cautiously at first, snatched three or four mouthfuls hurriedly and greedily, then threw up his hands and shouted in ecstasy, and, returning to the attack, proceeded to tear off every morsel until the bone was whiter and more bare than our trusty Ponto, best of polishers, could have left it. We thought, at first, that we were witnessing the ravens of hunger, but there was more of novelty than of craving in the young savage's delight; and the truth then dawned upon us, that we were looking on a creature, genus homo, who had tasted flesh for the first time. The fact was a phenomenon to us, who, though not so voracious as the piper's son, yet heard in our memory the lowings and bleatings from a sort of small Smithfield which had been sacrificed to our appetite.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

**RED HERRINGS.**—So great a rarity, a few years ago, was an English cured herring, that a story is told of Admiral Rodney, when dining at Carlton House, congratulating the Prince of Wales upon seeing what he thought to be a dish of Yarmouth bloaters upon the table; adding, that if the Prince's example were followed by the upper ranks only, it would be the means of adding twenty thousand hardy seamen to the navy. The Prince observed,

that he did not deserve the compliment, as the herrings had not been cured by British hands; "but," he continued, "henceforward I shall order a dish of English-cured herrings to be purchased at any expense, to appear as a standing dish at this table. We shall call it a Rodney; and, under that designation, what true patriot will not follow my example?" We have made some advance since the days of the Rodney, yet the price of fish still places it beyond the reach of the poor, and it is viewed with suspicion by those who indulge in it as a luxury.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

**NOAH'S ARK AND THE GREAT EASTERN STEAM SHIP.**—The following is a comparison between the size of Noah's Ark and the Great Eastern, both being considered in point of tonnage, after the old law for calculating the tonnage. The sacred "cubit," as stated by Sir Isaac Newton, is 20·625 English inches; by Bishop Wilkins, at 21·88 inches. According to these authorities, the dimensions will be as follows:—

	Sir I. Newton. English feet.	Bishop Wilkins. English feet.	Great Eastern. English feet.
Length between perpendiculars.....	515·62	547·0	630·0
Breadth .....	85·94	91·16	83·0
Depth .....	61·56	54·70	60·0
Keel, or length for tonnage .....	464·09	492·31	630·2
Tonnage according to old law .....	18,231 58·94	21,761 50·94	23,062 25·94

**EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.**—One very usual subject in the tombs is the reception of guests at a party; and Egyptian artists, fully alive to caricature, have sometimes shown that the little follies of gossip, display of finery, and conceit, were as common in those days as in later times. Here, a man of fashion driving in his curricle long after the other guests are assembled, thinks to increase his consequence by this affectation, as well as by the number of his attendants and running footmen; there, women examine, with the eyes of envy or curiosity, the jewellery of a neighbour; and the profusion of gold and silver vases set out on the side-board proclaim, by their utter uselessness on the occasion, that love of display alone procured them a place in the festive chamber. In another place, the consequence of the master and mistress of the house is indicated by the submissive obeisance made to them by the dancers and musicians hired to entertain the company; and as the principal people who gave these entertainments were of the priestly class, we learn that, however they might lecture the people on the propriety of considering this life a mere passage to a future state, and of mortifying their appetites for pleasure, they were themselves by no means averse to the good things of this world, and enjoy their comforts like the rest of the community.—*The Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs.*

**AN ENGLISH AMBASSADOR AND TURKISH MINISTERS.**—His Lordship (Lord de Redcliffe), so slight and upright, so cool and calm, and yet so very dignified; the ministers of the Porte, so fat and round-shouldered, so hot and flurried, and so very ungraceful, one and all so anxious for a word from the English ambassador, and yet so uncomfortable when his eagle glance fell upon them. However, as dinner advanced the Turks got more at their ease, and ate immoderately.—*Letters from Head-Quarters; or, the Realities of the War in the Crimea.*

**TO PRESERVE VEGETABLES.**—Potatoes that are thoroughly ripe, and which have not commenced growing in the Spring, may be kept good in the hottest climate for a considerable time by simply cutting out the eyes or germs, and protecting them from the air. In the same manner may carrots, turnips, and other vegetables be preserved, by cutting away or destroying the germinating parts. This method, though so simple, has been thought worthy of patenting.

To win a soul is your noblest prize; and the greatest number you win, the greater and richer will be that "crown of rejoicing" which you will wear in the day of the Lord.